

CANTON HERALD.

"NOT THE GLORY OF CAESAR—BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME."

CANTON, MISSISSIPPI, FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 1837.

VOL. 2.—NO. 14.

H. ROLLINS & T. C. TUPPER, EDITORS.

MARTINEAU.—The London

in an able critique upon Miss
"Society in America,"
following, among other pointed

Martineau, forsooth, is a very
and seems to have been
intent on communicating to
which renders her own imprac-
schemes for what she esteems
of her species and the
of her sex, to favoring
with a lively and accurate idea
country of their Amer-
The parade of what
philosophy in this book is in-
of the most preposterous and
exhibitions that we have

the ruins of Babel and of
Volney was not so magiste-
dramatic as this lady in the
of New York and of New Or-
She doubts nothing, she de-
upon everything. She explains
everything occurred, and an-
how everything must happen.
learning, and, as we suspect,
very limited reading—with no
of human nature derived
from books or men, armed only
the abused axioms of an arbitrary
of verbiage which she styles
and which appears to be a
mixture of Benthamism, politi-
and sansculotte morality.
carries over the vast regions of
United States in half the time that
spent in Damascus and Alep-
analyzing, resolving, defining, di-
subdividing, and mapping out
of America, to adopt
in favorite jargon, not as they
to her or to any other chance
but as they ought to figure
to the principles which she
before her visit, and the crude
of which probably amused
ward voyage. There is some-
infinitely ludicrous in the vanity
reputation with which this lady
in the circle of American morals
discovery the longitude of the im-
civilization of a new world!

consequence of this dogmatical
merely this—that through-
Martineau's three cumbrous
her facts and her inferences
ably contradict each other.
is not surprising, for she
her facts on her arrival, and she
her inferences with her ready
We do not doubt the accu-
her facts, for they always tell
her conclusions; we doubt not,
she may be depended upon.

WANTS.
poor want the comforts, and
them the necessities of life.
rich in general want—the
feelings of humanity.
lawyer wants—a rich client.
physician wants—patients to
the pills and to pay off his bills.
mechanic wants—plenty of
and good spirits to do it, and
pay when 'tis done.
merchant wants—cash custom-
extension of credit.
editors want—every
to do what is right, and to give
their dues.

whispered that some young
want—husbands. We think
be a mistake; if it is, we
happy to correct it.
conclusion, we believe it will be
by all, that every description
able want fortitude to bear with
of life—and that many, very
want sufficient skill to float
along the current of prog-

AN INDIAN BATTLE.
BY PROFESSOR IRVING.
the village was a large plain.
on one side a lofty and dense
on the other, two lakes: the
out a league in circumference,
trees, but so deep that three
feet from the bank no footing
could be found. The second, which
was more than half a league in
appeared like a vast river,
as far as the eye could
between the forest and these
the Indians formed their
camp, and the forest on the left
and the forest on the right
were concealed
in order that they might
be wholly unarm'd. Their force
was about ten thousand chosen
men, decorated with lofty plumes,
and their appearance height-
ened out with somewhat
of order, they made a most
imposing array.

came forth on foot, each accompanied
by twelve of his people, and each
burning with the same spirit and de-
termination against the other. The
Spanish troops were to the right of
the governor: the infantry drawn up
near to the forest, and the cavalry
advanced into the plain.

It was between nine and ten of the
morning, when De Soto and Vitachuco
arrived at the spot, which the latter
had fixed upon for the seizure of the
governor. Before the cacique, how-
ever, could make his preconcerted
signal, a Spanish trumpet gave a
warning blast. In an instant, the
twelve Spaniards rushed upon the cac-
ique. His attendant Indians threw
themselves before him, and endeavor-
ed to repel the assailants, but in vain.
He was borne off captive.

At the same time, De Soto leaped
upon his favorite steed Aceytuno, and
spurred him upon the thickest of the
enemy, with that headlong valor which
always distinguished him in battle.
The Indians had already seized their
weapons. Their first ranks were
thrown into confusion by the impetu-
ous charge of De Soto, but as he
pressed forward, a shower of arrows
came whistling about him. They
were principally aimed at his horse,
the Indians always seeking most to
kill those animals, knowing their im-
portance in battle. Four of the ar-
rows wounded the generous animal in
the knees, four pierced him in the
breast, and he fell to the earth, dead,
as if shot by a piece of artillery.

In the meantime, the Spanish troops
at the trumpet signal had assailed the
Indian squadrons, and now came press-
ing up at this critical moment, to the
aid of their general. One of his
pages, named Viota, a youth of noble
birth, sprang from his horse and aided
De Soto to mount him. The govern-
or, once more on horseback, put him-
self at the head of his cavalry, and
spurred among the Indians. The lat-
ter had no chance to defend themselves;
and being assailed by three hundred
horses, broke and fled in every direc-
tion. A great number of those who
were in the rear took refuge among
the entangled thickets of the forest;
others threw themselves into the large
lakes and escaped, while others scat-
tered themselves over the plain, where
more than three hundred were killed,
and a few taken.

The worse fate attended the van-
guard, composed of the bravest war-
riors, who are always doomed to fare
the worst in battle. After receiving
the first impetuous charge of the cav-
alry, they fled; but being unable to
reach the forest or the large lake, more
than nine hundred threw themselves
into the smaller one. Here they
were surrounded by the Spaniards,
who endeavored by threats and pro-
mises, and occasional shots from their
cross bows and arquebuses, to induce
them to surrender. The Indians re-
plied only by flights of arrows. As
the lake was too deep to give them
footing, three or four would cling to-
gether and support each other by
swimming, while one would mount
upon their backs, and ply his bows
and arrows. In this way, an incess-
ant skirmishing was kept up all day
long; numbers of the Indians were
slain; all their army was exhausted,
yet no one gave signs of surrendering.

When night came on, the Spaniards
posted themselves round the lake, the
horses by two and two, the foot in par-
ties of six, each to each other, lest
the Indians should escape in the dark.
Some of the latter endeavored to save
themselves by covering their heads
with the leaves of the water lilies, and
swimming noiselessly to the shore;
but the watchful troopers perceiving
the turmoil and bubbling in the water,
would spur their horses to the bank,
and drive the Indians again into the
channel, in hopes of again tiring them
out, and thus forcing them to capitu-
late; for while the Spaniards threat-
ened them with death if they did not
yield, they offered them peace and
friendship if they would surrender.

So obstinate were they, however,
that midnight arrived before one of
them had submitted, although they
had passed fourteen hours in the water.
At length, however, the intercession
of Juan Ortiz, and the four Indian in-
terpreters, began to have effect. The
most weary would surrender them-
selves, one and two at a time, but
so slowly, that by the dawn of day,
not more than fifty had surrendered.
The residue, seeing that these were
kindly treated, and being admonished
by them, now gave themselves up
in greater numbers, but still slowly
and reluctantly. Some, when near
the bank, would return to the middle
of the lake, until the love of life com-

pelled them to yield. At length, at
ten o'clock, two hundred came to the
shore at the same time, and surren-
dered themselves, after having been swim-
ming four and twenty hours. They
were in a wretched condition; swollen
with the water they had swallow-
ed, and overcome with fatigue, hun-
ger, and the want of sleep. There
still remained seven Indians in the
lake—men of such unconquerable
spirit, that neither the prayers of the
interpreters, the promises of the gov-
ernor, nor the example of their com-
rades, who had surrendered, had any
effect upon them. They treated all
promises with scorn, and defied both
menaces and death. In this way they
remained until three in the afternoon,
and would have remained there until
they died.

The governor, however, was struck
with admiration of their courage and
magnanimity, and thought it would be
inhuman to allow such brave men to
perish. He ordered twelve Spaniards,
therefore, expert swimmers, to go into
the lake with their swords in their
mouths, and draw these warriors
forth. The Indians were too much
exhausted to resist. The Spaniards
seized them by the legs, the arms, and
hair, drew them to land, and threw
them up on the bank, where they lay
extended upon the ground, more dead
than alive: having according to the
Spanish narrator, been for thirty
hours in the water, apparently with-
out putting foot to the ground, or re-
ceiving any other relief: an exploit,
adds the Inca historian, almost incre-
dible, and which I would not dare to
write, if it were not for the authority
of so many cavaliers and nobles, who,
in the Indies and in Spain, assured me
of the truth of it, besides the author-
ity of him who related his history to
me, and who, in all things, is worthy
of belief.

The heroic obstinacy of the seven
Indians extorted the admiration of the
Spaniards. Moved to compassion by
their present deplorable state, they
bore them to the encampment, and
used such assiduous means, that they
were restored to animation in the
course of the night. The next morn-
ing the governor summoned them be-
fore him, and, pretending to be angry,
demanded the reason of their despe-
rate resistance, and why they had not
surrendered themselves as their com-
panions had done.

Four of them, who were in the
prime of manhood, replied that they
were leaders or captains, chosen as
such by their cacique, from his confi-
dence in their courage and constancy.
Their actions were to justify his choice.
They were bound to set an example
to their children, to their brother war-
riors, and above all, to such as should
henceforth be appointed as leaders.
They felt as if being alive, they had
failed in fulfilling their duty and vin-
dicating their honor; and while they
acknowledged the kindness of the gov-
ernor, regretted only that he had
not left them to perish in the lake.
"If you want to add to your favors,"
said they, "take our lives." After sur-
viving the defeat and capture of our
chieftain, we are not worthy to ap-
pear before him, or to live in the
world."

The governor listened with admira-
tion to the heroic words of these
savage warriors, and when they had
finished, he turned to their three com-
panions, who had remained silent.
These were young men not more than
eighteen years of age, sons, and heirs
to caciques of the adjacent provinces.
The governor demanded of them their
reason for persisting so desperately
in their defence, as they were not
leaders, nor bound by the same obli-
gations as their companions.

They replied with a proud and lofty
air, that they had been incited to hos-
tility, not through any desire for gain,
or through any implacable spirit
against the Spaniards, but merely a
thirst for glory. That although they
were not chiefs, yet, as the sons of
caciques, and destined one day to be
caciques themselves, they felt bound
more than others to signalize them-
selves by bravery in action, and by a
contempt for suffering and death.
"These, offspring of the sun!" said
they, "are the reasons for our obsti-
nate hostility: if they are sufficient
in your eyes, pardon us; if not, we
are at your mercy. Strike us dead,
for nothing is prohibited to the con-
queror."

A TRAGEDY IN THE WILDERNESS.—On
the 21st, Bonneville and his party en-
camped amidst high and beetling cliffs
of indurated clay and sandstone, bear-
ing the semblance of towers, castles,
churches, and fortified cities. At a

distance, it was scarcely possible to
persuade oneself, that the works of
art were not mingled with these fan-
tastic freaks of nature. They had
received the name of Scott's bluffs,
from a melancholy circumstance. A
number of years since a party were
descending the upper part of the river
in canoes, when their frail barks were
overturned, and all their powder
spoiled. Their rifles being rendered
thus useless, they were unable to pro-
cure food by hunting—had to depend
upon roots and wild fruits for subsis-
tence. After suffering extremely from
hunger, they arrived at Larimie's
fork, a small tributary of the north
branch of the Nebraska, about sixty
miles above the cliffs just mentioned.
Here one of the party, by the name of
Scott, was taken ill, and his compan-
ions came to a halt, until he should
recover health and strength sufficient
to proceed. While they were search-
ing in quest of edible roots, they
discovered a fresh trail of white
men, who evidently but recently pre-
ceded them. What was to be done?
By a forced march they might over-
take this party, and thus be able to
reach the settlements in safety. Should
they linger, they might all perish
of famine and exhaustion. Scott,
however, was incapable of mov-
ing; they were too feeble to aid
him forward, and dreaded that such a
clog would prevent their coming up
with the advance party. They deter-
mined, therefore, to abandon him to
his fate. Accordingly, under pretence
of seeking food, and such simples as
might be efficacious in his malady,
they deserted him, and hastened for-
ward upon the trail. They succeeded
in overtaking the party of which they
were in quest, but concealed their
faithless desertion of Scott, alleging
that he had died of disease. On the
ensuing summer, these very individuals
visiting those parts in company with
others, came suddenly upon the bleached
bones and grinning skull of a hu-
man skeleton, which, by certain signs,
they recognised for the remains of
Scott. This was sixty long miles
from the place where they had aban-
doned him; and it appeared that the
wretched man had crawled that im-
mense distance before death put an
end to his miseries. The wild and
picturesque bluffs in the neighborhood
of his lonely grave have ever since
borne his name. [Washington Irving.]

BATON ROUGE.
AN ANCIENT LEGEND OF LOUISIANA.
Oh long tems! Meche Dartaguetle le
pas encor Capitaine.
* * * and the Canadian boat-
men with measured step propelled the
boat with their slender poles, keeping
time to the sad and melancholy strain.
The harmonious songs prolonged and
repeated by the echoes of both shores,
had something wild and solemn, in
harmony with the impression pro-
duced by the sight of the immense
river that flows solitary and majestic
amidst a world of forests.
We glided with rapidity along the
foot of several hills that approached
and receded from the left shore of the
Mississippi, as if a wayward being had
capriciously presided at their creation.
Suddenly the Patron, with an omi-
nous voice, cried out, Silence! we are
approaching Baton Rouge! And as
if a terrible, imminent danger had
suddenly burst upon their sight, the
boatmen, in silence, lightly walked
along the edge of the boat, and with
redoubled efforts endeavored to in-
crease our speed, while with precau-
tion they raised their poles perpen-
dicularly, so as to make no noise.
The Patron took the helm in hand and
directed our course from shore. Soon
we pierced the entrance of a bayou
that loses itself between two hills,
overshadowed with branching oaks,
lofty elms, and the Tupula with its
founded leaves.
At the entrance of the bayou ap-
peared a small mound of gray sand,
from the summit of which rose, like a
threatening spectre, a post stained
with a dark red color. The sight of
it sickened me. I felt as if some fright-
ful, horrible mystery was hidden un-
der this repulsive color, which acted
like an electric shock upon my senses.
This, said the Patron, is the red
stick, (le Baton Rouge.)
Well! what means this post? Why
do you turn pale while looking at it?
Listen! Last summer the keel boat
Bienville left Fort Du Quesne, where
flows the beautiful Ohio, to convey to
Biloxi an officer and his family [who
were recalled to France. The pas-
sage was fortunate to the entrance of
this bayou, whose shady banks invited
the passengers, benumbed by a long
stay in an inconmodious boat, to go

ashore to take exercise. The officer,
his lady and their two children were
of the number. They advanced lei-
suredly along the shady and silent bank
of the bayou. One of the children, a
young girl aged about twelve years,
wandered from her parent and climb-
ed the hill which you perceive on your
right, and suddenly screamed * * *
The Indians * * * They are drag-
ging me away * * * The unfortu-
nate father ran towards his daughter,
but scarcely had he appeared on the
summit ere he fell, pierced with ar-
rows. Fly! cried he to his wife,
fly! but the affectionate mother, ren-
dered motionless from fear and grief,
could only press her young son to her
heart, and faintly murmur, Save my
children! These feeble sounds died
away—but the air had vibrated, and
the Indian's practised ear had caught
them. The murderous crew, fortu-
nately perhaps, ended the sorrows
and the life of the mother and her
boy.

Immediately after, the Indians ap-
peared at the entrance of the bayou;
their number, their terrible aspect,
their shouts and war-hoop, intimidated
the crew of the boat, which put off
from shore after firing a few ineffec-
tual shots. There, in sight of the
boat, the ferocious savages stripped
the bark from a young elm, and dip-
ping their hands in the reeking breasts
of their victims, besmeared it with
blood, and planted it on the bank of
the river, to warn the French who
might approach the fatal spot, to be
gone, or death awaited them.

FOR THE CANTON HERALD.
TO MY FRIENDS.

In consequence of the continued
efforts of my enemies, the proselytes
and friends of John A. Murrel and
Matthew Clanton, to misrepresent
my character, and by dark and base
insinuations to load me with suspicion,
I have determined to publish quar-
terly, in pamphlet form, my defence
against their assaults; together with
an exposition of the villainies of those
who have conspired to ruin me. It
would seem to one unacquainted with
the motives which sometimes prompt
men to a particular belief, that I have
already proven enough to convince
every mind; but there are yet men
laboring with an energy worthy a
better cause, in different portions of
the United States, to build up crime
in its darkest aspect, and by casting
a deceptive veil over truth and jus-
tice, to conceal their native brilliancy
and loveliness.

I beg leave to call your attention
to the vociferating pamphlet of Mat-
thew Clanton, wherein he boasted that
I could never visit his strong hold in
Yalobusha county, to reclaim the
property I had intrusted to the care of
George N. Saunders, to be shipped to
Arthur, Fulton & Co., of Natchez.
But in December, 1836, I visited
Yalobusha, to the great confusion of
all the forces of vice and corruption;
when the Minters, the Ta bots, the
Harrisons, the Powers, the Lakes, the
Maherrys, and all those who signed
Clanton's perjury, filth and corruption,
felt chagrined at seeing I had sustain-
ed myself over all the mighty perjury,
crime and outrage they had propa-
gated against me. And what doubled
their confusion and shame, when I in
company with some friends called on
George N. Saunders, for the property
I had left in his care, we found all
the boxes open, and the contents
appropriated to Saunders' use—we
found the locks burst off the trunk
and chest, and the contents gone—
we found papers that I had left locked
in a canister, scattered loose in the
mutilated trunk; and such as they
chose to filch were divided among the
friends of Murrelism. Clanton has
been seen with some that I left locked
in the canister. All the host of
Clantonites in Yalobusha were con-
sulted—they then discovered that
they were disgraced, and to cover
their infamy, they concluded that
Clanton should sue out a State's war-
rant against me; thinking that I would
perhaps rather leave the county than
contend against Clanton's perjury.
But to their mortification, when I
heard of the warrant, I sent for the
officer who had it to come to my
room. They then determined that I
should be examined before a creature
of their own party, who was known
to be my bitter enemy, and Clanton's
devoted friend. The examination
lasted for twelve days. Phillips, the
Justice, was true to the cause of per-

jury and corruption. Clanton's wit-
nesses were George N. Saunders,
William Vess, and Vess's wife.
Clanton's oath in the warrant was
contradicted by his witness, Saunders.
I then wanted Clanton examined be-
fore the justice, but he refused. I
then had a subpoena served on him,
to compel him to give testimony;
but Phillips, seeing that Clanton was
in a dilemma from which he could not
extricate himself, without exposing
his perjury to the congregation, re-
fused to compel him to give evidence.
[Thus I was deprived of justice by the
outrage of an old villain, in a case
where my character was involved.
I proved all of Clanton's witnesses to
be base characters, and he proved
himself to be perjured; but Phillips
took his seat with a premeditation
to bind me to court, thinking that it
would affect my character abroad—
and the friends of Murrelism here
made all they could of the advantage
it has given them. But I will make
them and their friends skulk into ob-
livion before they pass through my
hands, with all their perjury and cor-
ruption. By whom was I arrested?
MATTHEW CLANTON!!! the damnable
villain who has tracked my life and
character with toil after toil—the
wire-worker and lingo of Murrelism!

I have sued seventeen of the leading
characters who signed Clanton's slan-
derous pamphlet against me, in Yalo-
busha; and I have also sued George
N. Saunders for the property he has
treacherously withheld and destroyed.
The contemplated Expositor will
give a full history of my visit to Yalo-
busha, and expose many characters
in different parts of the United States.
It will afford excellent information to
inexperienced young men, who are
uninstructed in the different characters
of man. It will unfold many of the
secret springs of the human heart,
and uncover some of the blackest de-
signs that ever were employed against
the life and character of a human
being.

The title of this periodical will be
Stewart's Expositor. The first num-
ber will be issued in December, 1837,
at Canton, Mississippi. The price of
subscription for a year is one dollar
in advance. Those of my friends at
a distance, who may wish to read the
Expositor, can procure it by getting
five subscribers at any one post office,
and enclose me a five dollar note.
All letters must be post paid.

Respectfully,
VIRGIL A. STEWART.

August 25, 1837.
Our Editors friendly to me, through-
out the United States, will please no-
tice the above. V. A. S.

From the Petersburg Va. Intelligencer.
THE LAST OF THE MINT DROPS.

A Bentonian Monody.
'Tis the last of the mint-drops,
Left living alone;
All its glittering companions
Are vanishing and gone;
Not one of its kindred,
Not a guinea is nigh,
To reflect back its lustre
And gladden my eye!

I must spend the, thou lov'd me!
(Reluctantly, hem!)
Since thy brethren have vanish'd,
Go, vanish with them!
Go, fill up the coffer
By Avarice ador'd;
Go, gladden some miser,
And add to his hoard!

Thou canst aid me no longer,
The humbug is o'er!
The People thou'st gull'd once
Can be gull'd no more!
When the whole nation suffers
And murmurs as now,
'Tis wise not to juggle
Such mint-drops as thou!

G. A. B.

An Editor Preacher.—A western
editor makes the following announce-
ment.

"The editor of this paper will preach
in the seminary on Sabbath next, at
11 o'clock A. M.

This editor preacher has two string,
to his bow and he cannot depend on
the one for his daily notions, he may
pull the other. But the Cincinnati
Whig thinks that the vexations of the
editor: during six days of the weeks
would be very apt to "make any pre-
acher swear" on the seventh.

Col. Benton, in a letter recently pub-
lished, seems to think that bank-notes
will soon become entirely useless. They
will at least answer for "caval-sifeners"
want they Colonel?—*Long Jour.*

"I leave this great people prosperous
and happy."—*Jack-in's Valedictory.*